

LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER



VOL. LIV

NOVEMBER, 1934

No. 1

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VOL. LIV

NOVEMBER

No. 1



1934

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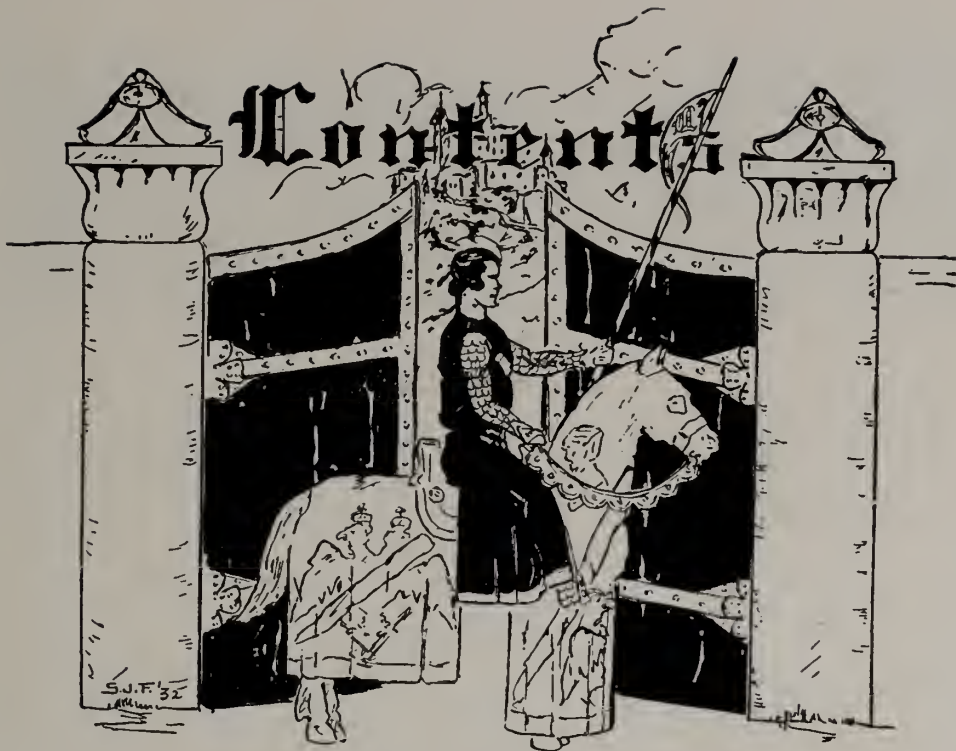
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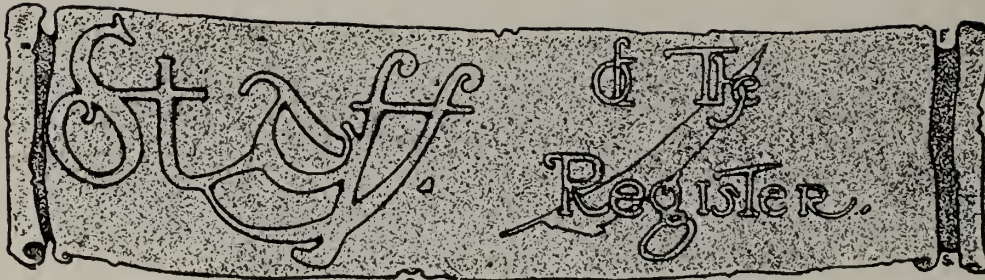
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“Haec in Hoc Libello Continentur”

Editorials	Page
By way of Introduction	4
The American College of Surgeons	5
Consolation	<i>Leon Levinson</i> 6
Reverie	<i>Walter Connelly</i> 7
“Injun”	<i>Sidney Sulkin</i> 9
Carroll’s “The Gardener’s Song,” continued.....	<i>L. F. Ebb</i> 13
Books	14
Ramblings of the Register’s Raving Reporter.....	16
Sports	20
Football, Its Ancient History	<i>Albert Cohen and Arnold E. Daum</i> 24
Pound and a Half.....	<i>Norman A. Ober</i> 25
Old Grizzly	<i>Elliott L. Sagall</i> 28
Airmail	<i>Arthur Cantor</i> 29
“The Founding of the Public Latin School <i>Edward L. Schnarer and Hyman J. Steinhurst</i>	30



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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

Out of a summer fraught with signs of discontent throughout the world—the western drought and its consequences, clouds of war in Europe, bloody strike demonstrations,—we emerge into fall. The student, individually insignificant in world affairs, is content to look upon all these great events with the languid gaze of a passive spectator. His own immediate misfortune—the familiar autumn grumble—is the center of all his grief. Slowly his sigh of agony, stretched over the first marking period, fades into the dazed expression of the “journalier.” Over-burdened brief cases—The proud Sixth Classman who has “six homelessons tonight!”—Quiet, knowing smiles of tolerant “veterans”—the experienced sophomore—And the senior, who can’t get used to being one.

The Register has delayed publication until the Senior has reached his full chest-expansion. Proudly, now, it blossoms forth, aware that beneath the audible snickers and visible sneers lie admiration and awe. For, seasoned as the detention-master to late excuses, is the Register to complaints. In consequence, we present our product!

Speaking of production, we feel it appropriate to address a word, at this point, to those disappointed aspirants to the staff, who have failed to have their "chefs-d'oeuvre" accepted. To those we extend our hearty consolations and congratulations. We congratulate them on having begun to follow the path to sure success—the trail of rejection slips. Any prominent writer will assure you that he derives pleasure from glancing over his collection of "dejection" slips. The more successful the writer, the more sizable his collection. For a bull's eye, the first shot usually carries over-confidence with it. The path is likely to be downhill rather than in the opposite, preferable direction.

The Register accepts contributions solely on their merits. However, there may be certain insurmountable obstacles which will prevent the acceptance of some few works of literary merit. It must be remembered that the magazine is confined within the bounds of an educational institution. The material accepted must not overleap those bounds.

* * * * *

And now, having gently patted the heated brows of our "coming lights," we wheel about in our path and challenge them to "show their stuff." With this announcement, we open our SHORT STORY CONTEST to the school. All undergraduate subscribers are eligible, except those whose names appear among the staff of this issue. No restrictions other than those placed upon contributions to the Register. Nothing easier than to write that masterpiece, send it into the Register, and receive the prize! All supplementary details will appear in the next issue. (The circulation must—be—boosted!)

* * * * *

For the past four years, the Register has been content to sport a rather modest cover of standard design. The cover of a magazine usually serves as a barometer of the atmosphere within. The Editors look forward to a banner year in our scholastic history! The entire magazine will assume a tercentenary flavor with the inauguration of the New Year. Accordingly, since the material will be decidedly appropriate, the cover must be changed also. The staff is open to all ideas. Any aspirant in the school who has a penchant for India ink may submit his brain child for consideration. The successful contribution will be adopted as the official cover. Get busy, you paint hounds. Start right now!

The Register is launched into its most important year!

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SURGEONS

All of us have been endowed with ability in some direction: some can write, some can teach, some can fight; and to some has been given one standing ability in alleviating human suffering by surgery. Of this select group the American College is composed—twelve thousand eminent surgeons, waging active war against sickness, providing a last bulwark between man and death.

The College strives toward the ultimate stamping-out of all disease. Its members are already devising a cure for cancer; they were pioneers in

aseptic and antiseptic surgery. They deserve to be praised, and we of Boston should feel honored by their choosing our city for their annual meeting.

At the open meeting held at the Boston Arena, an audience of over nine thousand heard prominent surgeons discuss cancer, industrial medicine, public health. They told us of the dangers of cancer, of its control, of its curability; they spoke on the care of the injured; they told us what to do about the ache in our back.

These surgeons cannot be praised too much. However, they are not looking for praise. As the fellowship pledge of the College says, their lives are dedicated to the welfare of mankind.

Fellows of the American College of Surgeons, we salute you!

L. L., '35.

CONSOLATION

"The 8.55 bell has rung, Cicero. Stop that shouting and sit down." . . . "All right, Caesar, I'll excuse you from drill if your feet are as flat as you say they are." . . . "Stop gawking at that Cleopatra, Antony. You have plenty of time to see her outside of school hours." . . . "What's the matter with you, Brutus? Are you jealous of that Caesar fellow?" . . . "I'm sorry, Vergil, I'll have to reject this poetry. Our school magazine prints only the best." . . . No declamation, Cicero? Take a zero and see me after class." . . . Will you stop that shouting, Cicero? Otherwise I shall have to mark you severely." . . .

"Copernicus, this is the third time in succession you've failed Math. What's wrong?" . . . "You say you have a headache, Newton? What happened?" "You see, sir, an apple fell on my head this morning, sir." . . . "Galileo, stop staring at our neighbors through that telescope." . . . "Shakespeare, you are positively stupid. This composition is a perfect example of adolescent over-exaggeration." . . . "Bacon, you had better change your style of writing. As an essayist you don't seem to make the grade."

"Give me that paper, Wright! Pictures of an airship! Hrrrump!" . . . "Einstein, you failed miserably in that last physics quiz. Why don't you throw in the towel?" . . . "Wilde, why don't you try reading the Bible? See if you can't learn to write." . . .

Who knows what college dean, what famous poet, what great mathematician may be trembling under the scathing glance of an angry teacher today, within the sacred walls of the Latin School?

L. Levinson, '35.



REVERIE

PRIZE POEM, 1934

I quiver in the hotness of the star
 flame
 And finger leisurely the thin woof of
 the wind,
 Thinking:
 "What turret have I seen in a dream
 Of a silver city,
 That I should wake with tears on my
 eye-lashes
 And silver hammers beating against
 my ears?
 What race in the sound of a whippoor-
 will
 Delicate with the grace of leaves
 In the purple coronal of spring?"

The plain dips away into the sky
 Like the wing of a yellow oriole
 And all the grasses whisper their grass
 song
 To the lilac bushes;
 The winds tear away from my indo-
 lent hands
 And leap like hungry coyotes to the
 pale stars.
 There is the silence of contented
 things—
 Of tree,
 Of sky,
 Of dusk,
 But the red mouth of my heart asks
 still;
 "What city have I seen,
 What face?"

These ears have heard the sonatas
 Of steel-keyed skyscrapers
 Allegretto beneath the pounding of
 sun shadows;
 Have heard the Apocalypsan shriek of
 horns
 And the strident factory whistles
 Hard as the hoofs of an arab horse,
 Trampling over the city.

And these ears have heard the croon-
 ing
 Of electric lights over the crinkly
 river,
 Crooning their tender songs
 That sway to a mystic rhythm.
 BUT I HAVE HEARD A MAIDEN
 SING
 IN THE STREETS OF A SILVER
 CITY.
 AND MY HEART IS THIN WITH A
 YOUTH'S DESIRE
 FOR THE SWEETNESS OF HER
 DITTY.

The moon rises yellow and serene,
 As god Buddha in a Malay garden;
 Gnats murmur mournfully in the thin
 hair of the darkness
 That falls over the bent shoulders of
 the earth
 As softly as the footsteps of a lean
 black tiger,
 And from the wet marshes far away
 There is the weary cry of the heron
 As he sinks to his nest among the
 reeds.

These eyes have seen the silhouettes
 of pigeons
 Against the smoke of tenement houses,
 Lovely as the hands of a Pueblo
 maiden
 Upon the pistils of a tawny tiger lily;
 Have seen the graceful undulations of
 grass
 Between the cob-web fragilities of
 soaring arches,
 And I have seen the white faces of the
 poplars
 Bending to kiss tenderly the footsteps
 of the wind.
 BUT I HAVE HEARD A MAIDEN
 SING

IN THE STREETS OF A SILVER
CITY
AND MY HEART IS THIN WITH A
YOUTH'S DESIRE
FOR THE SWEETNESS OF HER
DITTY.

"What path shall I tread to the Dream
City?"

What flowers shall I pluck for the
singing Maiden?"

The moonlight laughs mockingly
And the yellow teeth of the stars grin.
"Your ears have heard the dripping
of rain

On opaque cherry blossoms," they
say;

"And your eyes are covered with the
dust

That lies in the houses of fays."

The winds dance about like dervishes
On a broken Asiatic vase;

"Your heart is as the dust of Eden

That serpent heels have broke

And you'll be crushed like an opium
blossom

For old man Time to smoke!

I have heard the stars and winds say
these things

In the darkness,

And their voices have beat against my
heart

With the cold sound

Of a scythe over the ripe stalks of
corn

Or the deadly hum

Of honey bees in the pollen of orange
blossoms.

And the pale hours

Have said that I shall die

That I shall die.

BUT I HAVE HEARD A MAIDEN
SING

IN THE STREETS OF A SILVER
CITY

AND MY HEART IS THIN WITH A
YOUTH'S DESIRE

FOR THE SWEETNESS OF HER
DITTY.

I shall cloak myself in the iridescence
Of the lily,

And wear upon my brow the mark
Of a rose's dying.

I shall laugh between the silences
Of the wind

And stroke with cool bloodless hands

The white lips of the stars,

And these goalless feet

Far past the breaking of dawns,

Shall pursue the paths of butterflies

Far past all weeping and mirth,

Into a fragile city of silver.

And these this heart,

Free from all fear of sadness

And hope of gladness,

Will find at last

The perfect singing in the perfect
heart.

Walter Conley, '36.



"INJUN"

"Injun—rah—Injun—rah—rah—rah—Injun!"

The cheer was drowned in the gleeful frenzy of the crowd. Each screamed his own joy. It was the third time that day that the stands had gone wild. The threatening murmur, like a distant roll of muffled thunder, had suddenly burst forth, an angry Vesuvius. The stands, themselves, seemed to rise with one accord to vomit forth the mass that flew into the air. . . .

Way down there, the panting figures crouched menacingly. Tense. The snap of a signal. A scuffle, and out of the mess an object speeding waveringly—up—up—over . . . Rah—rah . . .

* * *

"O. K. Chinkowsky. Quarterback. Injun out."

The champing player nodded, broke and was away. A pause. Cheer-leaders attentive. A figure trots from the field. "Injun—rah—Injun—rah—" No, cheer-leaders. The stands are up. You're but the cheep of a sparrow lost in the roar of an angry sea.

A sadly bedraggled, stockingless figure dropped to the bench and flashed weakly his white teeth.

"Good work, Bell. Say, there's a kid here to see you. He's got a note for you. Maybe the girl up in the stands, huh?" The coach chuckled. "Hey, kid!" He turned his attention toward the field. If they could only keep it up without Bell. He smiled to himself. Easy. The other team was demoralized. He glanced toward his star absorbed in a paper which his cold fingers could hardly hold.—There goes Chinkowsky—nice gain—Bell would

have doubled it—good enough—give them all a break. . . .

Bell was at his side. "Is it all right if I get dressed, coach?"

"Sure. No more danger. And say, give her my compliments." He grinned knowingly.

The thunder from the stands was still muffled as Ralph slipped through the gate down to the shower-room. A few fans had begun to leave, finding no thrill in the unsensational tussles. Someone espied him, and soon a group tagged him to the locker-room.

Inside he found a few third-string men and a few of the alumni. Loud hellos greeted him, accompanied by hearty slams on his aching shoulders. As he undressed they stood around him and chatted unceasingly.

At last he stood up, naked and stepped into the showers. The fellows moved away, and only an alumnus, Jackson, remained. Ralph sucked in his breath with a gasp, as the icy stream cut into his massive shoulders and swept a sea of dirt down his lithe sides, leaving his bulging muscles glossy.

"It's no wonder you go through that gang like greased lightning. Boy, with those muscles and that build, you'd be a boon to the wrestling world."

"You mean a bane, don't you?"

"Listen, Bell, I'm ready to bet you'd reach the big money in less than a year."

"No, thanks. Football's bad enough."

"Where'd you get this 'bad enough' stuff. Why, you've been a gold-mine to us."

"I know."

"I mean," hastily, "you've been great. Why you're famous. And the school's getting a name that won't

wear off so easily. We're proud of you, Ralph. By the way, how are things at school?"

"Fine, thanks."

"You don't need—that is—well, does your scholarship cover everything?"

"Perfectly."

"O. K., then, Bell; I'll be seeing ya. S'long." Jackson flipped his hand, slipped on a huge raccoon coat, and swept out of the room. As the door opened, a roll of thunder burst in from the grandstand. The game was over. A string of grimy, panting players, grinning their victory, trotted by Jackson. In a moment, there was a babel of voices, groans of fatigue, the whish of showers, and the steady tattoo of icy streams on sweaty bodies.

Ralph pushed through the group that had gathered at the locker-house door. He flashed his smile of acknowledgment to all back-slaps and cheers and walked on quickly.

A cool autumn breeze, heavy with the fragrance of evergreens met him from the pine-wood. He followed a well-trodden path into the depth and walked on silent. The low whisper of the wind as it brisked through the tree-tops enhanced the silence and lent a soothing sympathy to his thoughts.

Then suddenly there was a crashing of the brush and the snapping of twigs. Ralph looked up and smiled genially as a smaller, light-haired chap came up, grinning his "hello."

"Thought I'd find you here. Especially when I saw the 'Didn't-get-our money's-worth-look' on that bunch of fans." Ralph nodded confession.

"But I guess they haven't anything to kick about. You gave them their money's worth and a lot more, too." He was silent for a while and then commenced treating his friend to the school song, whistled off-key, and

then hummed in no particular key. Then he broke off in excess enthusiasm and stopped short.

"And boy, wait till you see the write-up I'm gonna give you. Big headlines." He placed the words out in the air with both hands. "Sensational Indian Quarterback Invincible—Ralph Bell, star quarterback at Yeats...."

"Cut it, Dick." Ralph sat down on a fallen log and rested his head on his hands. "Dick," he said after a while, "I want you to promise me—well, don't write it up—I—"

"But say, I've always written it up. Every paper will have it in headlines. They always do. I've got to write you up at least in the campus paper. And—I'm—I'm doing a little extra work for the Monitor. They—"

"I hate it, Dick. I hate every word said about me. I hate every game, every move, every cheer, Dick; I'm through with football."

"But Ralph, you're nuts—why—gee, you're the whole team—what—"

"I got a letter today, Dick."

"I know. I saw you get it," he said sullenly.

"It was from Little Deer-foot, my brother. My father is dead." He stared continually at the ground.

"Gee, that's tough, Ralph. I understand now. I guess that means leave college, eh?—to work?"

"No, little Deer-foot is coming here."

"Wow, another one of the family. Boy, wait till I spring this. Why, that means the Rose Bowl this year!"

"You're like the rest, Dick. Football—nothing else. My brother's not going to play football."

"Say, now I know you're dippy!" Dick scratched his head in puzzlement.

"My father died, Dick—in a side show at the World's Fair."

Dick was silent. He suspected what was to follow.

Ralph went on: "A mannikin, a curio—Big Moose, one-time hero, hunter, and chief—then your big-shot profiteers grabbed him off—well, don't forget I'm still an Indian—and I'm stepping out before my turn comes!"

Dick made no reply. He waited until Ralph had calmed down and then he broke out.

"Listen to me, Ralph." Dick faced him squarely. "The only reason those stands were packed today was your playing, and you know it. The fans've been going daffy over you; the papers've idolized you. Why go on kidding yourself? You've got just as much vanity as any one else—even if you don't show it. After all, you're human. Nobody could stay away from those cheers any too long. Others have tried and they've always come back. The same'll happen to you. You know it."

Ralph shook his head, "you don't understand, Dick. I'm not playing for love of the game. It's because I'm an Indian—and being paid for it. It's the same as being in a museum or side show—"

"What do you mean, 'paid'?"

"How do you think I go to school? When I applied, the alumni grabbed me, offered me a scholarship if I'd play football, and kept feeding me interest every time the stands were full."

"That's nothing new. Every college has athletic scholarships. Of course, it's not strictly—"

"Amateur football! Why, it's all one big business proposition. The alumni build a stadium, dedicate it to their alma mater, import gate attractions like me to play at a salary, and then sweep up the receipts themselves—and they call it clean, amateur sport?"

"As long as the fans get their rough and tumble football, they don't care who plays or how it's played."

"Well, that settles it. I want to keep that kid of mine clear. They made my father a mannikin. They're making me a bull—just because I've brawn and muscle—no need for brain—and they'll grab my brother as soon as they can. I'd rather let him out of all this."

Dick saw his chance. "Listen to me, Ralph. You want to help that brother of yours to stay out of this. You're in too deeply yourself to get out clean. Now remember the white man's a tricky sort. You'll never forget he took away your land, your people, and finally, yourself, that he dubbed you 'Ralph Bell' and sent you to college to make money for him. But you did forget that he can just as easily kick you out. And if he does, it leaves Little Deer-foot out in the cold. Better stick and suffer yourself, than get the kid into a mess. There's nobody to appeal to, 'cause everyone knows and nobody cares."

Ralph remained thoughtful. What Dick had said was evident. Yet what about little Deer-Foot. What if he did come to college? How was he to get through—football?—It was inevitable! But—Dick spoke again.

"Let him come up under a different name. They don't have to know he's your brother—or even that he's an Indian. Then—of course, if you can afford it—he can go through without playing."

"Just the thing! We'll struggle a year, and then I get my diploma—and to the devil with Jackson and his alumni!"

"Whew! For a minute I thought the Thanksgiving game a goner!"

* * *

The winter's first snow greeted the world on the day of the turkeys' annual "Alamo." The timid flakes of

white were no becalming menace to the boiling jubilation of the football fans. A persistent din from open throats warmed the dry air with spirit. That same night the heavens shone red with proof that the "Injun" had been there and scalped. Slowly the cheers and the red of the sky melted into the grey of a new year and then into the bustle and mirth of spring.

Ralph Bell stepped from the stage, a diploma in one hand, a huge silver football trophy in the other; and the auditorium rang with the familiar cheer.

Alone, again, he glanced at the cup with the smirk of one who has discovered a sneak-thief's hand in his pocket. At the diploma he looked puzzled.

The summer months passed quickly—too quickly. Little Deer-Foot must return to school. The first year had been rather easy. His own "scholarship" had helped, and so had Dick. But now, with Dick away—newspaper assignment—himself without a job—September waited for no one. . . .

"Mr. Jackson in?"

"What name shall I give?"

"Ralph Bell."

"One moment, please."

"Mr. Jackson will see you. This way, please."

"Well, well, well. I'm glad to see you again, Bell. Here, have a seat. Smoke? Well, we're missing you quite a bit, Bell. The crowds don't come like they used to. No sir, they don't." He looked owlshly at his visitor. "You were some draw, boy. What you doing now?"

"That's what I came to see you about, Mr. Jackson,—I—well—"

"Hm, I see; finances, eh?"

"Yes, That's about it."

* * *

It was late October. Ralph sat in his parlor, reading the newspapers. There was a knock, and before he could

answer, a stocky, effervescent youth broke in.

"Dick!"

"Yep, it's me, all right. Fresh from Brazil where the fruits come from. Boy, you're looking great. Some place you got here."

"And boy, that southern climate didn't do you any harm. C'mon, take off the coat and sit down."

"I'm a newspaper man. Busy. Big assignment. Football game. C'mon along, and keep me company."

"Sure, in a second." He went for his coat, while Dick rattled on.

"I just stepped off the boat, when boss hops on me and stuffs the tickets into my hand. 'Go down and write up the game,' he says, 'Billing's sick!' Me! Just back from all kinds of wars and murders and snakes and what not and Billing gets sick! I tell you there ain't no—"

"O. K. Dick, let's go."

A small crowd had turned out for the game. The familiar cries of the peanut vendors, the emblem-mongers, mixed with the hubbub of voices, recalled former days. They sat in the press-box during the entire game, which was none too thrilling. Then they went down to the locker-room.

The coach turned as Ralph tapped him on the shoulder.

"Well, if it isn't 'Injun.' How's the boy?"

"Fine, coach; and how's the football world treating you?"

"Oh, great! Why, since I made you, I've been offered so many jobs, my salary's been almost doubled here."

Dick smiled at Ralph.

"By the way, I guess you've come down about your brother, eh?"

"My brother?" Ralph started.

"Yes, he told me he was your brother. I haven't told anyone."

"He came to you?" Ralph was pale.

"Yes, he went out for football. I'm sorry about him though, Bell. He's fast and strong, all right. But you can't play football on speed and strength. He just can't take to the game. Think's he's another 'Injun' and flops up every time he takes the ball. But I did put him on the line in the second team. I'm sorry he's not like you. But you know. I've done my best . . ."

"Yes. Yes. Thanks—" Ralph turned away with a sigh of relief. "

"By the way, what're you doing now, Bell?" Is it true you're with Jackson?" But Ralph was gone. Coach shook his head. "Guess he feels pretty bad about the kid."

Dick followed Ralph. They walked in silence for a while. Then Dick asked, "Who's Jackson?"

Ralph stopped. "What made you ask?"

"Coach just mentioned him. Wanted to know if it was true you were still with him. What's it all about? He's not the alumnus, is he?"

Ralph stepped up to a newsboy and bought a paper. He turned to the sporting page and then gave it to Dick.

"Here, read this." He pointed to a column in the middle of the page.

Dick read aloud: "Baring Kopotkian loses to 'Injun' after a hard-fought, one-sided bout. 'Injun,' the sensational new wrestling champ, is believed to be the famed Ralph Bell of Yeats College—" Well, I'll be—but what's Jackson got to do with this?"

"His brain, my brawn!"

Sidney Sulkin.

CARROLL'S "THE GARDENER'S SONG"

(Continued)

He thought he heard a bumble-bee
That buzzed and hummed and droned;
He roused himself and looked about
And then he softly groaned—

Though naught he saw before his
eyes
Except a misty fog,
Yet well he knew behind that veil
There prate a pedagogue.

He thought Pandora raised the lid
Or Chaos broke his chains,
While shrieks and screams did rend
the air
And brawls did fill the lanes.

He waked, and lo! that mighty din
Had vanished into air—
For teacher had returned and cowed
The lads with icy glare.

He dreamt he saw a ledger filled
With debits marked in red;
He wept to see that spotless white
So stained by crimson dread.

He looked again with cautious glance
To grasp its full import—
And found that it was only this:
A trifling school report.

L. F. Ebb, '35.

**EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!**

The cat is out of the bag! A. E. Newton (in "End Papers") tells all! Reveals the name of Dr. Johnson's other cat. Everyone knows that Johnson's favorite feline was yclept "Hodge," but how many know that the name of his other kitling was "Lily"? Seriously, though, "End Papers" is a collection of essays written by a bibliophile for bibliophiles. If you are interested in any phase of bibliomania, you will be sure to relish A. E. Newton's light and diverting comments on his favorite pursuit. Those of you whose curiosity is aroused by the chapter concerning home-libraries should enlarge your knowledge on this subject by reading "The Amenities of Book-Collecting," by the same author.

PLAGIARISM

Charge: Self-Plagiarism.

Defendant: James Matthew Barrie.

Evidence:

I. The whole motif of "Quality Street"—namely, the romance centered about two spinsters and a bachelor—is transplanted bodily into the author's great novel, "Sentimental Tommy."

II. The belated homecoming of Jamie—filled with remorse because of his shameful neglect of his beloved—

to his native village (as related in "A Window in Thrums") is redrafted with very few and insignificant alterations for "Tommy and Grizel."

Before the reader forms his verdict, we urge him especially to read "Sentimental Tommy," together with the other novels and plays of Barrie.

We should also like to charge this justly popular playwright and author with another and more serious offence; viz, that of plagiarism pure and simple. One of the more important characters in "Admirable Crichton," Ernest—the fellow who had such a love for witty, epigrammatic, and nonsensical sayings—is palpably a composition of all Wilde's creations of this type. You have but to compare Ernest with, for example, Lord Goring, in Wilde's "The Ideal Husband," to acknowledge the truth of this statement.

What! Melancholic, you say? If we may prescribe an efficacious remedy for the ailment, we urge the invalid to take large doses of our favorite medicine, "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," prepared in conveniently sized packages by that skillful pharmacist, Jerome K. Jerome. We offer for your approval two palatable samples obtained from Jerome's apothecary:

"By Jove! fancy a man trying to make love on strictly truthful principles, determining never to utter a word of mere compliment or hyperbole, but to scrupulously confine himself to exact fact! Fancy his gazing rapturously into his mistress' eyes and whispering softly to her that she wasn't, on the whole, bad-looking, as girls went! Fancy his holding up her little hand and assuring her that it was of a light drab color shot with red; and telling her as he pressed her to his heart that her nose, for a turned-up one, seemed rather pretty; and that her eyes appeared to him, as far as he could judge, to be quite up on the average standard of such things."

"Now . . . the young man who is not shy . . . has temptations which his bashful brother never encounters. He looks around and everywhere sees roguish eyes and laughing lips. What more natural than that amid so many roguish eyes and laughing lips he should become confused and, forgetting for the moment which particular pair of roguish eyes and laughing lips

it is that he belongs to and go off making love to the wrong set.

BRIC-A-BRAC

William Butler Yeats frankly acknowledges the great debt he owes to a "friend" (Lady Gregory), who has collaborated with him in almost all of his plays—for, fortunately, the hardy pioneer of the Irish Literary Revival was unable to master completely the dialect of his own country.

Milton used to study till midnight and it might have been this close application to books that resulted later in his blindness (Now, how did that item gets into this column?).

Comic sheets which, in this country, are furnished table d'hôte, must be purchased a la carte in England. Fancy that!

Will some obliging soul please reconcile the liberal philosophy of Barrie's "The Twelve-Pound Look" with the stern Calvinistic principles expressed in his "Dear Brutus?"

Laurence F. Ebb, '35.

ON READING JAMES BARRIE

Whimsy breathes and casts its spell.
 Wafting dreams of elf and fay,
 Bearing life to deadened day.
 Shedding joy along the way.
 Making mournful mortals gay,
 Sounding softly gloom's farewell.
 Ink-veiled words with hidden magic
 Yield with ease their flowing story,
 Ofttimes joyous, ofttimes tragic,
 Oft imparting gentle glory,—
 Never raucous, pompous, blaring;
 Ever dulcet, mild—not glaring;
 Never harsh or heavy-falling;
 Ever sprightly, lightly-calling.

L. F. E.

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER!

July 9. We hear the worst—College Boards.

Sept. 12. Thoughts of getting up early for school haunt us all night.

Sept. 13. School begins. *Satis dictum est.*

Sept. 14. THOUSANDS PAY HOMAGE TO LATIN SCHOOL'S "MAN OF THE HOUR."

Mr. Looney's sanctum overflowed with so many visitors that hundreds were turned away. Within fifteen minutes of his arrival, the "Sold Right Out" sign was displayed.

Sept. 17. Dr. Pond examined the merry lads of the football team for knockknees, bow legs, water on the brain, and the like . . . Assembly of the lower classes: the chaps were told that the goblin would get them if they didn't study. . .

Sept. 18. The staff of the Register met today, and after arguing for hours, disclosed the fact that there will be a school magazine published this year . . . The band reports that Valade's famous (?) tuba has grown during the summer, and is now a full-sized Sousaphone.

Sept. 19. Wanted, dead or alive: One senior scholar who is not running for any office . . . First English composition assignment. Was our face red! (So was the mark.)

Sept. 20. Mr. Levine's senior German class is full of praise for the master's skillful imitation of a stork's chattering . . . The fountain near Room 306 has gone on strike; the one near Room 311 is probably unfair to organized labor.

Sept. 21. Many boys have discovered that whenever Mr. Drummey whistles the initial strains of "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes, a test is coming.

Sept. 24. A grand reunion of all detentioners in good standing was held today in Room 212 at 2.30. The meeting lasted a full half hour, and an enjoyable time was had by all. Further meetings will be held every day at the same time and place. Late comers are particularly invited to attend.

Sept. 25. ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—and on all other fronts, for that matter—a Jewish holiday.

Sept. 26. Class I is going to call on Class II to do some voting for the elections. The latest report is that all the first classmen are running for office. . . Assembly—Mr. Powers told Classes I, II, III and the coughers just why and how they wouldn't graduate.

Query: What Latin School master is rejoicing because the price of apples has gone up three cents?

Sept. 27. It's just about time for a Third Classman to discover a way to trisect an angle . . . Today's meeting of the Glee Club was a howling success.

Sept. 28. Mr. Looney has left to become head of the department of history at Brighton High School. Congratulations, Brighton . . . Mr. Sheehan

opens his vigorous campaign against "paper-hoarders."

Oct. 1. The footballers are hard at it, and are planning to make monkeys out of the Groton "gorillas."

Oct. 2. Eye tests are taken. The results show that the eyesight of the average pupil increases one hundred per cent during the weekly examinations, given by the masters in each subject.

Oct. 3. Mr. Dunn passes out the nomination slips to ye Class I politicians. Out of a senior class of two hundred fifty boys, two hundred forty-seven are running for some office. Of the remaining three, two have transferred and one cannot read or write.

Oct. 4. Class I had almost perfect attendance today. Reason? Draw your own conclusion. . . . At this time we solicit political advertisements. Rates: a physics or a Latin homeleson per line. No replies received for the simple reason that candidates don't do homelessons.

Oct. 5. THE PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE E. R. A., IS DISTRIBUTING THIS YEAR NUMEROUS PLUMS GRATIS TO THE ENTIRE STUDENT BODY. If you have not yet received your allotment do not be bashful. Step right up and ask any master. He'll gladly oblige.

Oct. 8. The Groton Game was postponed Saturday. It was a break for Groton. Cutter and his allies promised to eat them out of hearth and home at the annual "Feed."

Quote from today's notice: "Boys will refrain as much as possible from tripping and body-checking in the yards. Our supply of iodine is dwindling."

Who was responsible for that "bon mot" of humor? Many claim that it was the work of Mrs. Baker, while others suspect Mr. Dunn or even Mr. Shea. Who is the guilty party? Murder will out! The R. R. R. offers a prize of one of Mr. Norton's perpetual calendars to the solver of this perplexing mystery. Drop all answers in the waste-basket.

Oct. 9. Discovered: a sure cure for insomnia—physics the fifth period and history the sixth.

Oct. 10. The 9 o'clock bell rang and rang and rang, allowing the tardy brigade ample time to escape detention. . . . Despite rumors of his being dead, Shultz lectured to the Latin Club today on Horace.

Oct. 11. When the football game was over, our stalwarts found themselves with exactly the same score they had before starting the game.

What is this world coming to? (Mr. Sands, take note of a preposition ending a sentence.) As soon as the R. R. R. finished speaking his "Dec." piece, some wise guy yelled, "Open the window and let out the hot air."

Oct. 12 Ludum habemus.

Nous avons un jour de fete.

Wir haben einen Festtag.

And for the benefit of Class

VI, we have a holiday.

This month's problem for alert skulls: If Washington discovered America, and Plato were the R. R. R., what would be the colog root of Archimedes principle? The R. R. R. will give a one-way ticket to Danvers to anyone submitting a reasonably correct answer. Everybody is eligible; so dig out your trusty chalk and slate, and scratch away.

Register's Raving Reporter.

THE TEAM



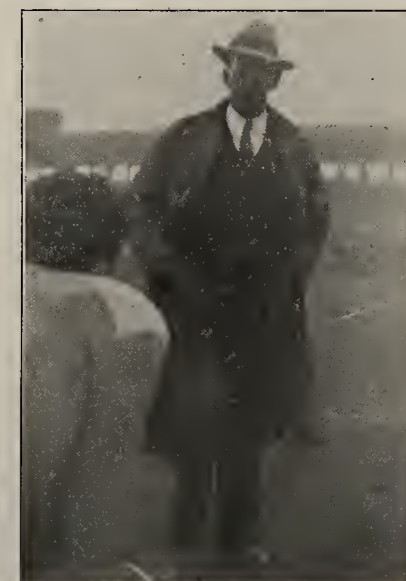
(Courtesy of "Boston Herald")



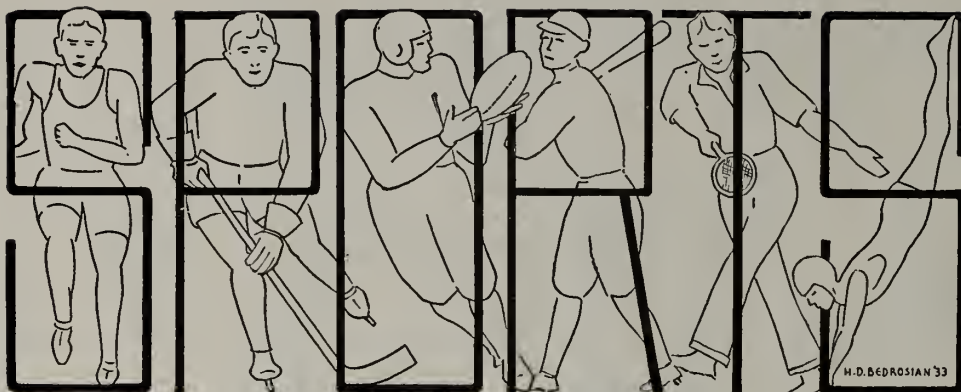
(Photograph by Shektell, '36)



(Photograph by Squire, '35)



(Photograph by Shektell, '36)



EDITOR'S NOTE—We take this opportunity in the opening number of "The Register" to explain to the student body the new policy of the Sports Department during the coming year. In accordance with the wish of our Editor-in-Chief to make this year's Tercentenary "Register" better in every way, we are planning to make a banner sports column by offering special monthly features, such as "exclusive" interviews with coaches, players and alumni, famous in the sports' world, as well as "inside" dope" on the games as told by "Buddy" McLaughlin. Pictures of the team in action, as well as cartoons, are being eagerly anticipated. We are open to suggestions as well as original contributions from the student body.—S. E. G.

STORMY WEATHER

A fighting Purple and White eleven opened the season against a hard-driving B. C. High team at Fenway Park on Thursday, October 11. Rained out at Groton, most of the team went into action inexperienced and untested. Thru the mist, the Purple and White of Latin and the Maroon and Gold of B. C. High could be seen battling fiercely, each against forward walls of solid stone and unbreakable defence, in a game as drab and unspectacular as the day was wet and dreary.

"Dick" Lawlor and "Don Hira" Hall stood out on the Latin defence, breaking up plays as fast as the smooth B. C. High team unveiled them. "Bud" McLaughlin, ace backfield man, tore off a few pulse-quickenning run backs and broken field gallops. "Tarzan" Cutter, bone-crushing guard, was the mainstay on the defense against the

Maroon and Gold aerial attack, knocking down three passes in tight spots.

In the first period after repeated charges, B. C. High made a first down on our 22-yard stripe; but the boys tightened up, the defense held, and the Purple took the ball on their own "26."

The high spot of the afternoon came in the second period, when "Buddy" Mac scooped up a punt, dodged and weaved his way thru the opposition for thirty yards. Latin failed to gain; and on the return, B. C. High advanced with a first down on the Latin "34." A lateral forward to a B. C. High back, totally uncovered and in the clear, gave near heart failure to Latin rooters—but the ball was dropped after the catch. "Bill" Sullivan saved the day by intercepting a pass on our own 8-yard marker. "Buddy's" punt reversed and rolled to his own "25." B. C. High charged again with a pass to

the Latin "14," and things looked dark as the half ended.

A punt by McLaughlin from his own 20 to the B. C. High 15-yard stripe pulled Latin out in the third quarter.

In the last quarter, the lateral-forward of the Maroon and Gold clicked again to the Purple 35-yard chalk. This was a freak pass, which caromed off the Latin center into the back's hands. B. C. High's almost disastrous fourth down heave just failed in a shoe-string pick-up catch on the Latin's 12-yard stripe.

A hard-fought mid-field game! For Latin: Finkelstein, Cuddy, l. e.; Donovan, l. t.; Tully, l. g.; Moore, Leonard, Murphy, c.; Cutter, Mitchell, Histen, r. g.; Lawler, B. Donovan, r. t.; Hall, Crehan, Pendergast, r. e.; McVey, O'Brien, Gorman, q. b.; McLaughlin, l. h. b.; Bjorklund, Sullivan, Feinman, r. h. b.; Belekewicz, f. b.

S. Emerson Golden, '35.

DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

A merry battle is being waged for the first-string pivot position by Paul Moore, "Jock" Leonard and "Red" Tulley, with Moore still having a bit of an edge. . . . The two "Doc's", McVey and O'Brien, are running neck and neck for the signal caller's post—just another case of two good little men. . . . "Bud" McLaughlin, "Brodie" Bjorklund, and Gorman, the latter a dark horse from parts unknown, will handle the kicking. . . . Gorman, incidentally, looks like first team fodder, and he's only a sophomore—he's got a great passing arm, too. . . . Those two "old favorites" "Ducky" Lawlor and "Tarzan" Cutter are certainly doing a grand job on the right side of the line and seem to thrive on stiff assignments. . . . Frank Cuddy, though but a light-

weight, is a great defensive end. . . . Captain Belekewicz (accent on the "K") "the boy with no bad habits," to quote a Boston newspaper—is a clever leader and an ace blocking back, who has been running wild at practice—looks as though the "blond bullet" will step high, wide and handsome this Fall. . . . Another Donovan has enrolled at our seat of culture. Yes, you guessed it; he's a brother to those great tackles, Bill and Frank.—Let's hope he's as good. . . . The "Murphy Clan" is well represented: All from Brighton—"Steamboat," "Billy" and John. . . . The coach is using a new shift, somewhat similar to the old "Cav" shift which Boston College now uses—center and signal caller are back to back. . . . Now for the quondam Latin School football stars: "Bucky" Benson, "Jerry" O'Callaghan, "Leo" Downs, and "Jim" Davis are battling for positions on the Freshman eleven out at University Heights. Frank Ryan, another star of recent years, is also matriculating at Boston College. It looks as though the Purple and White of yesteryear will be well represented in the Eaglet lineup. . . . "Ike" Sheehan is traveling at high speed for the Dartmouth frosh. . . . "Dave" Gavin, a former Purple captain, is one of Coach Anderson's leading tackles at Holy Cross. . . . "Mal" Blue and Joe Nee were listed among the freshmen candidates who reported to Coach "Cliff" Gallagher at Harvard. . . . Tom Bilodeau is scintillating in "Eddie" Casey's first-string backfield at the Cambridge institution, and showed his power in the Brown game, when he broke up many a Bear play and place-kicked a point after touchdown. We expect to see him go places this year—Don't say anything, but plans are under way for an interview with "Tom" about his trip to Japan with the Har-

vard nine, and also about his football experiences at Exeter and Harvard—Are ya' listenin', Tom? . . . Loran Sanford and "Jack" Fitzgerald are numbered among "Joe" McKenney's B. C. sophomore stars. . . . "Rud" Hoyer and "Joe" Crehan are now "prepping" at Worcester Academy. . . . "Art" Saklad, we believe, is working out at Providence with the Brown Bears. . . . John F. Casey is making a strong bid for the center berth at Harvard frosh, along with Norman Izenstat of the Class of '34, who is out for tackle at the same place. . . . "Dimples" Dowd is now one of Coach Ohrenberger's "aces" at English High, our friendly enemies." "Tarzan" Cutter and "Dimples" are going to have a great scrap



at the Turkey Day fray—it will be an "All" berth for one of them.—Tear him wide open, Tarzan! Speaking of English, they're not so weak this year. . . . "Jimmy" Cuff of Hudson, new English ace backfield man would have been ours if he hadn't been "afraid of the long home-lessons at the home of the classics," to quote the "Boston Herald". . . . By the way, the new Fenway Park ought to give us ample room for a good cheering section at the English game.—They might even give us a grandstand into the bargain. . . . The cheering at the B. C. High "storm" wasn't so bad, at that.—More organization is what we need!! . . . "Al" Plackter, the 14-year old Soph, looks

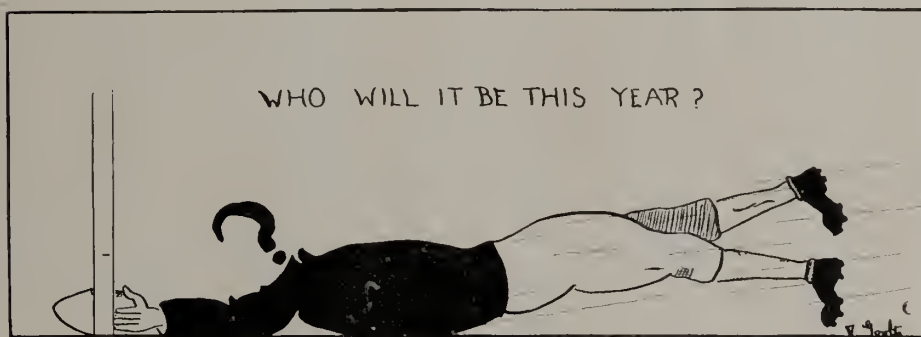
pretty good.—He'll probably be a wow in the future. . . . Leo Leary, the 128 pounds 'of human dynamite, is still hanging on. Can he take it?!?—With a little help from the boys, "Buddy" should cover a lot of ground this year. He now tips the Fairbanks at 160, as fit as a fiddle, and more elusive than ever. . . . Signals instead of a huddle are to be used this season. . . . Frank Foley, '33 star, is helping the boys at the Field. . . . Mr. Aaron Gordon is one of the familiar figures at Franklin Field. . . . Seen at the B. C. High game—the Messrs. Powers, Levine, Gardner, Dunn, Marson, Dobbyn, Cleary and Gordon—all others whose names are omitted please "forgive" us.

"Bucky" Benson was also at the B. C. High fray. . . . Harry Feinman is back! . . . Who is the bold, bad P. G. who dares sport his "E. H. S." in our corridors? . . . One of the current problems at the Field House at Franklin Field is "Where is Leary's hat?". . . . The linemen this year are pretty bulky, two busses have already broke down carrying them to practice. . . . "Len" Weiner, co-captain of track, is limping about with a sore foot.—Get well, quick, "Len," we need you. . . . We hope the team hasn't found the rain jinx that B. U. lost. . . . The boys were pretty badly banged up in the B. C. High affair.—The doctor was on the field too often. . . . The Groton game will probably be played on Nov. 3.—The boys couldn't bear missing a long bus ride. . . . The "Boston Herald" says, "Leominster High has gone modern in advertising school football games, for the annual Thanksgiving Day game is being brought to attention on the front cover of book matches. The complete Leominster schedule is printed on the back"—Attention, Mr. French. . . . Will Cloney, the man who writes school football for the "Herald," is an old Latin School center. . . .

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES OF THE TEAM

1. "Bela" Belekewicz—leader and inspiration of the team . . . hard-hitting blocker, tackler and plunger.
2. "Bud" McLaughlin—the power of the Purple and White . . . a triple threat and an "all" team certainty.
3. "Doc" McVey—a brainy quarterback who knows how to use the "ice cream" plays.
4. Bill "Hips" Sullivan—a shifty back who has developed into a real threat this fall.
5. "Cutie" Cutter—full of mischief off the field, but a bold, bad, determined gentleman on the playing held. . . incidentally, he has no equal in the city at guard.
6. "Ducky" Lawler—the blond thunderbolt who cuts capers with "Cutie," but can occasionally find time to hand out a bone-crushing tackle or teeth-rattling block.
7. "Frank" Donovan—a strong and brainy tackle and the scholar of the team.
8. "Don" Hall—played a bang-up game last year until he broke his arm in the Dorchester tussle . . . back again this fall with all the old fire.
9. "Al" Plackter—200-lb. sophomore, who, in track, last year, lumbered over the timber to several first places (some pun).
10. Paul Moore—the Biffer . . . trying hard to fill the shoes of his brothers Gerry and Fred . . . If he can approximate their successes, he will bolster the line tremendously.
11. Redmond "Red" Tully . . . alias "the Hulk" . . . spends most of his time in the enemy backfield.
12. "Bill" Donovan—Frank's little brother, who has yet to win his spurs.
13. Last and least (but only in size) Eddie O'Brien . . . the most peppery member and the hardest tackler on the squad.

M. J. R., '35.



FOOTBALL

ITS Ancient History

Touchdown! For how many centuries has this cry (or its equivalent) driven to frenzy and abandon a pack of heaving, hauling human battering rams? Though its origin is lost behind the dark obscuring veil of time, the Greeks had a word for it 'kern opaipa' and on the authority of the Classics, the Romans "pilam pedibus pulsaverunt." Through the Romans the game was probably introduced to England. However, no positive allusion to it occurs until the fourteenth century when Edward III found it necessary to forbid it by law in 1349, because "the skill in shooting with arrows was laid aside for the purpose of various and unlawful games." Attesting to the popularity of the game and the ineffectiveness of the edict, is an act of Richard II, in 1389, expressly forbidding throughout the Kingdom, "all playing at Tennis, Football and other games."

How great must have been the moral effect of the statute we see from the fact that it had to be re-enacted by Henry IV in 1401 and later by Henry VIII and by James III of Scotland in 1408. Twice during the reign of Elizabeth a proclamation was made that "no foteballe play be used or suffered within the City of London and the liberties thereof upon pain of imprisonment."

And now it may be asked what manner of game was this football which delighted our predecessors so hugely that they persisted in indulging in it, although under ban of the law. The original game appears to have been of the simplest description. Given two boundaries or goals, a ball of any make so long as it were strong enough to

prevent its being torn to pieces, the opposing sides were allowed to get the ball on or make it touch the adversary's goal in any manner they pleased, whether by kicking, hurling, shoving, running or by stealth.

Sometimes we hear of goals a mile or more apart; often the gridiron was a street or a highway. Sometimes a whole town and the attacking party with the ball would try to sneak around by the side streets and alleys in order to escape notice and plant the ball unawares through the window or against the post, which was fixed as a goal.

The game was looked upon by the nobility as a vulgar game, fit only for country yokels, which a gentleman of quality should shun lest perchance his eye should be blackened or his skin be raised in lumps by a wight of low degree. Shakespeare mentions football but twice, and then with contempt:

"Am I so round with you as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?"

Comedy of Errors, II. iv.

"Nor tripped neither, you base football player."

Lear, I, iv.

Thomas Elyot in his "Boke Called the Governour," an educational manual for young noble men and gentlemen, admonishes that "foote balle wherein is nothing but beastlie fury and extreme violence, whereof procedeth hurt and consequently rancour and malice remaine with them that be wounded, is to be put in perpetual silence."

An erstwhile commentator, Stubbs,

a prominent sports writer of the period, gives a decidedly interesting professional criticism of the game.

"Far as concerning foote balle playinge, I protest unto you that it may be called a friendly kind of fighte rather than a play or recreation—a bloody and murthering practice than a felowly sport and pastime. . . . And no mervielle, for they have the sleights to meet one between two, to dash him against the heart with their elbows, to butt him under the short rib with griped fists, and with their knees to catch him on the hip and picke him on the neck with a hundred such murthering devices."

And so we see that though the rules have changed considerably, its spirit remains unchanged.

Enough has been written to prove that the game of Football, in name at least, is of extreme antiquity, and to give a general idea of its characteristics in early times. Henceforth, gentle reader, let us look upon the Latin School eleven as an heir to one of the world's most ancient games, surrounded by a mist of noble and inspiring tradition, and as we watch the Purple and White advancing toward our rival's goal let us give a thought to Merrie England where it all began.

Albert Cohen, '35.

Arnold E. Damm, '35.

POUND AND A HALF

Norman Alfred Ober, '36

"Listen, stude, I want my ten bucks back. That tin can I took off your hands isn't worth a nickel. You said it was a good car. Look at it. It's just a plain pile of junk held together by that rope I put around it to stop the rattles." Thus Frederick Fulton, standing with "Red" Ryan, his roommate, in front of a battered "Flivver," admonished the third party who was obviously not the least affected by his words.

"You bought the car for what it looked like to you. What else do you want? I can't throw in the Empire State Building, too, for ten bucks."

"Oh," came from Red, "a smart boy! Listen to me," and he winked at Fulton. "Let's get in that alley where we can talk this thing over without attracting a crowd." The three moved off, the merchant eyeing Ryan suspiciously.

"Not that I encourage fighting," came from Ryan as he rubbed his

hands, "but there comes a time!—" The two walked briskly from the alleyway and leaped into the flivver.

"Yep, Fatty, old man, it's one time that one certain Flinty Steel was put into his proper place. He's pulled his last dirty trick on us."

These two boys were juniors at Pelham University, Harrington Hall, the most notorious dormitory in the college, their place of abode. The pair were quite well-known about the school. Red Ryan, six feet of mischief with a red danger-sign crowning his head, was the more agile of the two, his mate, "Fatty" Fulton, carrying within his domain two hundred and eleven pounds.

"Whoa, Eugene, we is heah!" Fatty pulled the brake with all the force that two hundred eleven pounds of fat could muster up, causing the ill-famed car to come to an uncertain halt at a distance of ten yards.

The two left the car and proceeded

to their room, B-29, the pride and joy of Harrington Hall. They pushed open the door and—

"Well I'll be a—," gasped Fulton, "who's been eatin' in my chair?" Looks like someone's been here before us. What a job they did on this room!

"So those guys are starting in where they left off last year. Well, Robert, me lad, how do you intend to clean up this mess?"

"Easy! Toss up a coin. Heads I go to a movie, an' tails Fatty cleans the room."

"Robert, my lad, answer me truly. Have you ever seen such a clean room?"

"No, Professor Fulton, no. But let us hie us hence. The Empress Eugenie awaits without." The two boys replaced their vests and jackets, made one more rapid surveillance of the room, and left, carefully locking the door behind them.

"Never do I hope to work that hard at anything—ever," panted Fulton, whose fat face was wet with perspiration. Down the stairs and out the front door of Harrington strode the vengeful lads. They walked to where they had left the car.

"Where's the Empress?" demanded Ryan. "I thought we parked her here."

"We did, but—look, Ryan, here comes Steel. Mon Dieu! What an eye! Why Flinty Steel, where did you get that buttercup?"

"Never mind this buttercup, wise guy. It took the both of you to give it to me. But I'm not sore. I gave you a bum car, and you gave me a bum eye. We're quits. By the way, J just saw Joe Perkins rolling your car towards the pound. I think he put it there. Well, I must be off." He turned abruptly on his heel and walked into the building.

The roommates looked at each other for a long minute. Steel trying to make up? What was going to happen now? No one forgot a sock like that.

"Well," breathed Fatty, "what happened to him? Don't tell me Flinty Steel is gonna forget that "shiner." What do you think?"

"Think! I'm speechless! Let's go to the pound and get the car. I wonder if he really repents his life of sin. And speaking of sin, wait'll I get hold of that Perkins guy."

Two blocks away the boys entered the College Pound, where lost and found articles were sought and brought. "Jake," yelled Ryan to the somewhat deaf proprietor of the pound. "Did anyone bring our flivver in here?"

"Flivver? Oh—yes. It's round the back. Wait till I get the keys." The old man shuffled to his desk from which he took a ring of keys. "Come along, boys. It s'prises me how anyone can lose anything large as a car. You know, you can't have 'er, until you pay the usual fine."

"Aw, Jake, you can't charge us two bucks. That's almost what I paid for it. Besides, it was stolen from us. Look, Jake, forget about this and we'll get you plenty of business next week."

"Can't be done, boys. You'll just have to—"

"Pay the fine," interposed Fulton. "Pay the man the money, Ryan, my boy. I'm just itching to get my hands on Perkins."

"Me pay him? Whose car is it?" demanded Red. "For all I care, she can stay here. I'm a disinterested party."

After much argument Fulton paid the two dollars, almost deciding to leave the car there. The boys drove off, cursing Jake, Perkins, and pounds.

"Faster, will you?" snapped Ryan. "I'm looking for one Perkins."

In Room B-29 of Harrington Hall, a council of war was being held. The generals were Frederick Fulton and Red Ryan. While wood burned in the search for a proper punishment for the offender, whose room was next to theirs, in walked Flinty Steel, without knocking.

"Hullo, fellows . . . Just thought you might be interested in a good way to get even with Perkins. I thought up a good one."

"You're good at that, scorpion," snapped Fulton. "What's the idea? We know you're up to something. What is it?"

"No hard feelings, boys. Just college spirit. I want to help out."

"Do you dare suggest that we employ underhand tactics in dealing with the enemy?" demanded Ryan.

"Well—er—I just thought—."

"Come on, what did you have on your mind, Steel?" came from Fulton.

"It better be good," added his friend.

"Well, Perkins isn't around, so you can't get him now. I was just thinking that you ought to wait awhile, and some warm night, when everybody's outdoors, you could go up to his—."

We leave the three villains in their deep and dirty deeds. As the curtain descends, we see three heads close together, and hear a faint whispering.

Two silent figures made their way through the darkened corridors of Harrington Hall. Up the dark stairs they crept—stealthily. Quickly, quietly they made their way over the wooden floor to one of the doors. A harsh grating whisper broke the stillness. "Look at the number, Fatty. We don't want to get in the wrong room."

"Say, this is our room. I could have sworn I counted four doors. That's

funny. Come on, my lad. We go next door."

They crept to the next door, opened it slowly, and stole into the room. Swiftly they worked in the darkened chamber. From a number of paper bags dark objects were taken, which were deftly hidden under blankets and on chairs. The work completed, they left the chamber and hurried down the black corridor into the inky night.

They emerged from the front door of Harrington Hall and walked to the waiting flivver, in which sat a lone figure. They jumped in, Fulton at the wheel, the car rolling off in a cloud of smoke. One block further, and the third party left their conveyance. "So long, Steel, thanks for the idea. It's gonna' work like a charm." Thus spake Ryan, as the car moved off. "Now, Fatty, my gasson, we can enjoy a movie."

That night the pair, returning from the theatre, entered their room in silence, each enjoying his own thoughts as to what happened in the next room.

"Time to retire, Red. Tonight I shall sheep the sleep of the righteous."

The light clicked off, and the boys leaped into their beds with every intention of enjoying a good night's sleep.

Suddenly a shriek broke the silence of the evening air! Then another one! The two boys leaped out of bed, howling at the top of their lungs. On went the light. There they were, hopping around the room in pajamas, four huge lobsters clinging to vital parts of their anatomy.

"It's them lobsters," yelped Fatty, endeavoring to pull them from his back, his companion doing the same...

When, some five minutes later, peace had been restored, Fatty began to gather up his clothes. "What's wrong now, Fatty?"

"We're in the wrong room, dope," he panted. "We walked into our own trap." Fatty walked to the door, opened it, and looked at the number. "See," he said, "B-30. We're in the wrong room."

"Wrong room nothing. Those are our pictures on the wall. Say, lemme look at that door. Lemme see that—Say! Somebody switched the numbers. We put those lobsters in our

own beds and walked into— It was that —

"Flinty Steel!" ejaculated Fatty. He seated himself on the chair. Despite his enormous weight, he leaped into the air with surprising agility. "Ow," he screamed, "take it off!"

"Oh, yeah." Ryan remarked absently. "We forgot that rat-trap you put on the chair."

OLD GRIZZLY

Uncle Zeb was the sage of Redfield, a little mountain community, located in the White Mountains. The fifty-odd country folk, comprising the entire population of Redfield, considered him the wisest man in the country, for, besides his acknowledged wisdom, Uncle Zeb was gifted with the knack of story-telling, and would amuse the villagers, who were accustomed to gather at his small inn during the long winter nights, with choice bits from his inexhaustible store of tales and legends. In all his long years of story-telling he had never been known to repeat an anecdote or a story—except one. This one he told only to the curious tourists who stopped at Redfield during the summer months, and who, after hearing of Uncle Zeb's reputation, would ask him to relate one of his famous stories. The scene was always the same—the parlor of the Inn, with the blazing fire and the group of natives seated around Uncle Zeb and the visitor. Uncle Zeb would slowly light his pipe, lean back in his chair, and then launch into his story.

"Well, sir, 'bout twenty years ago this part o' the country was plagued by a big, black bear, that used to come down ev'ry so often and kill one of

our cows or even horses, if he could get at 'em. Then he'd drag the carcass away into the forest, eat his fill, and then disappear into the mountains afore we could get near 'nough to him to take a shot at him. After a while we were losin' so many cows that we decided someth'n' had to be done right quick. Several of us farmers had already gone off into the mountains on huntin' trips, especially to look for Old Grizzly, but each time they returned empty-handed. One fellow had even got so close to Old Grizzly that the bear turned in his tracks and charged him. Luckily, the fellow had sense 'nough to climb the neares' tree; otherwise he would 'a' been killed.

"After many 'tempts to kill Old Grizzly had failed, the farmers got together and offered a reward of fifty dollars for his head. Afore this I had not taken much interest in Old Grizzly, for he had not bothered me 't all; but when they put a price on his head, I became interested, and decided to go out gunnin' for him. I prepared all my huntin' 'quipment, and then set out to get him.

"The first day in the woods I couldn't catch sight of him or even see any o' his tracks 't all. But I didn't give up

and stuck to my original plan o' stayin' out in the woods until I could get him. That night I found a little cave in the side of a hill and decided to camp there for the night. After building a fire and eatin', I went into the cave to sleep. I made myself a bed o' leaves and was soon fast asleep.

"In the mornin' when I woke after a good night's rest, I got up and crawled out o' the cave, pushin' my rifle afore me, for the mouth o' the cave was very low and narrow. Suddenly, as I was about to stand up, a hairy black paw snatched my rifle out o' my hands, smashed it 'gainst a rock, and threw it away. Then the homely face of Old Grizzly looked me right in the eye. I was trapped. There was nothin' to do but go back into the cave, and hope the bear would not follow.

"I backed up slowly and stared square in his eyes, but the blasted bear kept right on followin' me. Soon I could back up no more. Old Grizzly kept on comin' nearer, slowly but surely. At last he was on top o' me. He grabbed me in his arms and started to squeeze."

At this point Uncle Zeb always stopped, and the eager listener would invariably ask, "What happened then?" At that question Uncle Zeb and all the natives, as if by some prearranged signal, would slowly rise from their seats, and Uncle Zeb would solemnly continue, "Well, sir, Old Grizzly hugged me so hard that he crushed me to death." Then Uncle Zeb and all the others would haughtily walk out of the room and leave the tourist standing there stupefied.

Elliot L. Sagall, '35.

AIRMAIL

The wind-blown clouds flee as in fright
Like flakes of tainted snow;
The hail flies far with the wings of
night,
Yet I must go . . .

Stars wink and fade in sky-black shade
That darkens unseen shores;
In vivid, violent veil arrayed
The tempest roars . . .

Snarling, the devils watch and wait;
Snapping they rant and rave,
Dooming a ship to a nameless fate
And a nameless grave . . .

Holes gape in pitted nimbus clouds,
The skyman's fearful foe;
One may be mine of these dark, dim
shrouds, —
Yet I must go . . .

Arthur Cantor, '36.



"THE FOUNDING OF THE PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL"

The first assembly of the year has been called. I was casting secret glances at a book entitled, "Massachusetts," which lay open in my lap. Suddenly I raised my head and heard Mr. Powers says, "—and as this is the 300th anniversary of the Public Latin School, we will have many visitors." I heard nothing more as the appeal of "Massachusetts" was too great to resist.

But as I left the Assembly Hall, the words came back: "The 300th anniversary of the founding of the Public Latin School." Why was Latin School founded. In the Catalogue, I remembered, it reads, "On the 13th day of the second month, 1635 . . . Att a Generall meeting upon publique notice . . . it was . . . generally agreed upon that our brother Philemon Pormort shall be introduced to become scholemaster for the teaching and nourtering of the children with us." These words are taken from the Town Records of that period. But, was that the only reason for the founding of the school? No! there must be another reason. I became obsessed with the desire to know.

I turned to my friend, Lee, and said, "Lee, what do you think was the real reason for the founding of the Latin School?" He looked at me strangely and muttered under his breath as he walked away. Many others whom I asked the same question responded in the same way. Some gave answers like "to torture us" or "to drive us crazy." I couldn't receive a satisfactory answer. I asked this question of anybody who would listen. My friends avoided me.

One day, as I was riding home after a day of hard study, I dozed off in my seat. In a few seconds I awoke with

a start. Where was I? I was lying on the ground not far from a large wooden building.

I heard a buzz of conversation. Turning my head, I saw a group of men coming towards me dressed in quaint costumes of colonial days.

One with a short brown beard turned to me and said, "How now, brother Edward, art thou not coming?" Coming where?" I replied wonderingly.

"To the meeting of the town fathers. Where dost thou think?"

"Of a certainty," I answered, not knowing what else to say and surprised at this strange language.

Getting to my feet, I followed the group, wondering at the strange garments which they wore.

The one who had spoken to me, apparently the leader, reminded me of portraits which I had seen of John Winthrop.

Suddenly we heard a hail and saw coming toward us a serious looking man who I later learned was Philemon Pormort. Suddenly he uttered a loud shriek and bounded toward us.

"What is it? What is it?" cried John.

Philemon removed a sharpened quill from the back of his neck and said excitedly, "It is one of those accursed children again."

We entered the large building, which seemed to be a meeting place. The Town fathers went to their places.

The man with the brown beard, whom everyone addressed as John, sat down on the platform.

He called the meeting to order with words to this effect: "Brethren, on the 13th day of the second month of the year of our Lord 1635, we have called this meeting to decide what measures to adopt concerning our children who,

as we all know have been over mischievous of late. Punishment seems to be of no avail. We will first hear from brother James Dewar. At this point a man arose and cited various examples of his childrens' pranks such as putting pieces of hot metals in his boots in the morning. Others followed suit. The children were accused of many mischievous acts, the most serious of which were cutting axe handles almost in two, so that they flew off at the first stroke and putting angle worms in their fathers' beds, but most serious of all, shooting beans at the preacher during Sunday service.

"Now, brethren, we will have suggestions on how to quell them."

At this point brother James arose and said: "Brothers, I suggest we have a school that will keep our children occupied." The audience breaks out in cries of approval. "I have discussed the matter with brother Philemon. He is agreed. In this school our children will have the greater part of their time taken up by Latin and Greek."

"Why Latin and Greek?" asked John.

"Because they are so hard to learn."

"But who will teach? A school must have a teacher."

"Brother Philemon will teach as he has studied these languages."

"What shall we call the school?"

"Latin and Greek will be the most important subjects; therefore, we shall call it the Free Latin School."

After the customary proceedings the motion was carried.

Then the difficult question arose! "What shall we put in the Town Records? We can't put down that we founded the school so that our children be kept busy in order that they would not drive us to lunacy by their pranks. Future generations would laugh at us."

Here brother James rose to the occasion again.

"I have thought of that also. This is what will be written in the Town Records:

"On the 13th of the second month, 1635 . . . Att a Generall meeting upon publique notice . . . it was . . . generally agreed upon that our brother Philemon Pormort shall be intreated to become scholemaster for the teaching and nourtering of children with us."

At this point there was thunderous applause, which, instead of abating, grew louder and louder until I could stand it no longer.

"Stop it!" I cried, putting my hands to my ears.

"Wake up! Wake up!" I heard someone shout into my ear. Opening my eyes, I saw the conductor bending over me and shaking me violently.

"Last stop! You have to get off here."

I had to wait a half hour for a car, but I was content.

At last I had discovered the real reason for the founding of the Latin School.

Edward L. Schnarer, '37.

Hyman J. Steinhurst, '37.



FOOLISH DICTIONARY

- Accident—A condition of affairs in which presence of mind is good but absence of body better.
- Appendicitis—A modern pain costing about \$200 more than the old-fashioned stomach-ache.
- Automobile (From English ought to and Latin moveo, to move)—a vehicle which ought to move, but frequently can't.
- Baseball—A game in which the young man who strikes out for himself receives no credit for it.
- Blush—A temporary erythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy, aetologized by the perceptiveness of the sensorium, in a predicament of inequilibrium . . . and so far into the night.
- Crow—A bird that never complains without caws.
- Dachshund—A low-down dog.
- Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out.
- Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.
- Lecture—An entertainment at which it costs but little to look intelligent.
- Magazine—A receptacle for explosives, literary or mechanical.
- Obesity—A surplus gone to waist.
- Parents—One of the hardships of a minor's life.
- Prune—A plum that has been better days.
- Rag-time—Music pulled into many pieces.

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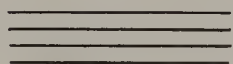
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